

# FABULON

1.01  
FAMILY  
PART I of II  
(pilot)

by  
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WGAE #I02703-00

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TEASER

OVER BLACK:

Caption: "So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen. For what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal." -2 Corinthians 4:18

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-DEN-NIGHT

A short montage of images as a letter is written.

HORACE BUNKER (VO)

To most, the world is the same as it has always been. A place of anger and grief, of joy and love and a hundred more complex emotions that we all confront everyday, within ourselves.

CU of the tip of a fountain pen as it glides across a page leaving ink in its wake, forming the words: "Please forgive me..."

HORACE BUNKER (VO) (CONT'D)

It was, however, not always like this. Emotion was the original language of all Humankind. But we confounded it, choosing individuality over collective conscience, unable to take a concerted responsibility for our actions.

ANGLE ON an older man's hands worn by years of hardship as they fold the letter, taking the time to properly crease the thick paper. The letter is then placed in a matching envelope.

HORACE BUNKER (VO) (CONT'D)

Because of this, a battle is being waged. It is a battle of our own creation, played out every day, every minute, every second, in our hearts, in our minds, and in our World.

ANGLE ON a small desk where the envelope is leaned against a lamp which rings the envelope in light. "Rose and Ginia" is written on its front.

From around his neck, the man pulls a key on a chain. He places it in a heap next to the letter.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-GIRL'S ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Shadows, cut from the moon light by branches outside, creep across the window, dancing in the wind. There is just enough light to make out the interior of the room. A large bed fills most of it. TWO GIRLS, sisters, lie next to each other. They are twins.

One is sleeping, the other is not. Her eyes are wide open, searching the darkness for...something.

HORACE BUNKER'S MINDSCAPE

*[NOTE: There is very little to distinguish someone's "Mindscape" from the reality in which they exist. It is usually marked by small inconsistencies with reality, or familiar objects which only appear within the "Mindscape."]*

EXT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

The house sits restless in the moonlight. The wind whistles a mixture of seduction and danger. The shadow of a MAN passes across the porch steps.

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-DEN-CONTINUOUS

HORACE BUNKER, a man who has known life intimately and harshly, sits in a chair staring straight ahead. He is waiting for someone...or Something. He removes a gold ring from his finger and places it in his shirt pocket.

EXT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-PORCH-CONTINUOUS

A wrinkled stick of a hand reaches out and turns the knob to the front door. The knob protests with a cry but quickly gives up.

INT. BUNKER-FARMHOUSE-DEN-CONTINUOUS

Horace Bunker sits listening, to the sound of the floorboards which groan under the intruder's feet.

Horace stiffens as a shadow passes across his face and the sound of foot steps ceases.

HORACE

I know who you are.

There is a moment of deafening silence.

HORACE (cont'd)  
I knew it the first time you  
visited me.

RESUME REALITY

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-GIRL'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS

CU on the girl's face with the open eyes, which are wide with fear.

GIRL  
(whispering)  
Daddy?

HORACE BUNKER'S MINDSCAPE

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-DEN-CONTINUOUS

Horace, still seated, addresses his unseen visitor.

HORACE  
I told you not to return.

The shadow moves closer.

RESUME REALITY

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-STAIRWELL-CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON a girl's small feet as she slowly moves down the stairs. The house seems to settle with each step.

At the bottom of the steps the girl moves into a room to her right. At the other end of the room a door stands slightly ajar allowing a soft orange glow of light to warm the otherwise coldly moon lit room.

The girl slowly moves across the room toward the door.

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-GIRL'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS

The SECOND SISTER wakes with a start. She seems disoriented and weak.

A tear runs down the her face.

HORACE BUNKER'S MINDSCAPE

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-DEN-CONTINUOUS

Horace Bunker sits in his chair. A small trickster smile creeps across his face.

HORACE

You'll never know what I have  
learned.

RESUME REALITY

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

The girl now stands in front of the door. She reaches out and pushes it. The door swings open REVEALING Horace Bunker sitting in his chair, a smile on his face. His eyes are closed. The lids move from the rapid back and forth of the eyes beneath them. He is in REM sleep.

GIRL

Daddy?

Horace doesn't answer her. At his side, he holds a gun. He begins to slowly bring it up to his head.

HORACE BUNKER'S MINDSCAPE

Here, he holds no gun.

HORACE

I've made certain arrangements to  
keep you from what you want.

RESUME REALITY

The girl watches in horror as her father lifts the gun to the side of his head.

GIRL

(screaming)

NO!

HORACE BUNKER'S MINDSCAPE

Here there is no sign of what Horace Bunker is about to do in reality. Here he sits calmly, smiling at his unseen intruder.

HORACE

It's too bad...I wanted to know how  
the story ends.

Horace Bunker begins to smile.

RESUME REALITY

Horace Bunker pulls the trigger.

The sound of the shot is deafening.

Horace Bunker sits slumped, dead in his chair. The gun at his side, lightly smoking.

The girl stands staring. She looks like she is about faint.

Still in shock, the girl looks down at her feet.

ANGLE ON the floor where blood has begun to pool. It is running down her leg, mixed in with a clear viscus substance.

The girl quickly turns her head toward the second floor and screams.

GIRL  
(screaming)  
GINIA!

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-GIRL'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS

The second girl still lies in the bed. Her mouth is open in pain and anguish but no sound comes out. Slowly she lifts her hand in front of her face. Her hand is covered in blood and the same clear viscus substance that also runs down her sister's leg.

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ACT I

EXT. BUNKER FARM-MORNING

Legend: Bunker Farm-Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana

A long black car throws up dust as it heads toward the farmhouse situated at the end of a long gravel drive.

The farmhouse is aged and grey, ripped from a Wyeth painting. Trees sit to its side, shading it from the sun. The windows are covered.

## EXT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

The car comes to a stop in front of the house. The cloud of dust begins to settle as the driver's door swings open.

ANGLE ON a leg, clad in white pants, as it swings from the door planting a white patent leather shoe onto the dirt. The tip of a cane follows quickly as:

MR. WHITE emerges from the car. Head to toe he fits his name to a tee down to the tie and vest. A pencil thin mustache highlights his well aged swashbuckler face. His hair is short and peppered.

From the passenger side emerges MRS. BLACK. She is a perfect counterpoint, in a stylish 1930's pants suit and short bob hair cut encircling her thin angular face.

Mrs. Black throws Mr. White a glance over the roof of the car, "Are you sure this is the place?" Mr. White responds with a "Of course it is," glance.

Mr. White and Mrs. Black close the car doors and move wearily to the porch.

## EXT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-FRONT PORCH-CONTINUOUS

Mr. White lifts his cane and uses it to rap three times on the door. They wait. There is no answer.

MRS. BLACK

No one home.

MR. WHITE

He assured me he would be.

Mr. White raps on the door again. This time the door gives slightly, opening a few inches with a groan.

MR. WHITE (cont'd)

Mr. Bunker. It is Mr. White. We talked on the phone.

Still no answer. He motions to the door with his cane.

MR. WHITE (cont'd)

After you Mrs. Black.

Mrs. Black removes a Black Colt .45 from her shoulder holster. She smiles at him then pushes the door open further with her foot.

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-FOYER-CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Black eases inside, dust hangs uncertain in the air.

MRS. BLACK  
Hello...Mr. Bunker...Is anyone  
home?

Mr. White follows behind her.

In front of them is a staircase leading up. To the Left is a sitting room lit by what little light has been able to penetrate the covered windows.

MR. WHITE  
You take the high road.

MRS. BLACK  
You always were a coward.

Mr. White smiles affectionately.

MR. WHITE  
Regrettably so.

Mrs. Black heads up the stairs which complain under foot.

Mr. White heads into the--

SITTING ROOM

Once presided over by a woman's touch, the room now speaks of neglect, its stillness punctuated only by the particles which dance in the dim light. A door at the back stands slightly ajar, beckoning.

CUT TO:

UPSTAIRS-CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Black moves down the hallway opening doors with her foot ready for anything.

MRS. BLACK'S POV-BATHROOM

It is simply adorned, clean without being too sanitary.

HALLWAY-RESUME

Mrs. Black seeing nothing of interest moves to the next door.

MRS. BLACK'S POV-BEDROOM

Once a couple's room, its decoration is now overshadowed by a lone masculine presence.

#### HALLWAY-RESUME

One door remains. Mrs. Black pushes it open then stands staring at what lies beyond.

#### MRS. BLACK'S POV-GIRL'S ROOM

This room is alive in comparison to the other rooms. Light streams in through the lace curtains REVEALING a room decorated with a palette of lace and color. A girl's room, inspired by dreams. A shelter from the realities of the outside world.

An oversized bed occupies most of the room. A dressing table with a bench instead of a chair sits across from the end of the bed. The table's surface is organized but overloaded with make-up and brushes.

On the floor in a heap, next to the bed sits a light blue night gown. Mrs. Black moves toward it, replacing her gun in its holster.

ANGLE ON nightgown as Mrs. Black begins to unfurl it. The light from the window pushes through its delicate fabric highlighting the dark uneven stain which runs down its front.

Setting it down on the bed Mrs. Black begins to unfurl it.

ANGLE ON Mrs. Black's face as it scrunches in confusion.

The SILENCE is broken by Mr. White's voice echoing through the house.

MR. WHITE (OS)  
Mrs. Black. I think you should see  
this.

Mrs. Black stares a moment longer at the gown before turning toward the hallway and Mr. White.

CUT TO:

#### INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-DEN-MOMENTS LATER

Mr. White stands staring at something as Mrs. Black enters the door behind him. She comes to a stop beside him following his gaze.

Mrs. Black lifts an eyebrow at what she sees.

MRS. BLACK  
Mr. Bunker I presume.

ANGLE ON MR. BUNKER who still sits upright in his chair. His head is tilted back, his eyes frozen open. A portion of his soft grey brain pokes through a hole in his skull. The rest of it clings to the brick wall just above him.

The front of his clothing is covered in the drying river of his own blood. Under the chair, a rug is dark and stained. Just to its edge is a congealing pool of blood, a single pair of small foot prints trails away from the carnage.

MR. WHITE  
Looks like a suicide.

MRS. BLACK  
If it is a suicide where's the gun?

MR. WHITE  
Who do those belong to?

Mrs. Black moves around to the footprints careful not to disturb anything. She leans closer examining them then looks up toward Mr. White.

MRS. BLACK  
I think he had daughters, but I don't think these belong them.

Mr. White give Mrs. Black a look of confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE-GIRL'S ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Mr. White and Mrs. Black stand looking down in the direction of the bed.

MR. WHITE  
I see what you mean.

ANGLE ON the bed upon which is stretched out the night gown. It is extremely large because it is not one night gown, but two that have been attached together the left side of one to the right side of the other. There are two lace collars and four sleeves.

Mr. White pulls a cell phone from his jacket. He presses a button and is instantly connected to--

CUT TO:

INT. FABULON-HQ BUS-COMMAND AREA-CONTINUOUS

Legend: ST RT 299 Tennessee

A small cramped room that appears to be moving. It is part of something bigger.

There is enough gear here to coordinate a small offensive. A bay of monitors runs along the top. Below them is an array of scanners, tuners, receivers and the like. A number of computer monitors display maps and other data.

In the middle of all this sits FATHER, his face scrunched in concentration as he plays a game of solitaire on one of the monitors. He answers the call without looking up from the game.

FATHER

Jack's Dry Dock...you row 'em we  
stow 'em.

MR. WHITE (OS)

Secure please.

Father reaches out and flips a few switches engaging a scrambler.

FATHER

We're clear.

MR. WHITE (OS)

We have a problem.

From here the conversation is intercut.

FATHER

What?

MR. WHITE

Our host is dead.

Father straightens up now, paying attention.

FATHER

What happened?

MR. WHITE

It looks like he killed himself.

FATHER

Where are you now?

MR. WHITE

In the house.

FATHER

Get out. Call me from somewhere else.

MR. WHITE

There is more to it than that.

FATHER

It's not our concern. Cover your tracks and get out.

MR. WHITE

I think he wanted us to find him.

FATHER

What do you want me to tell Mother?

MR. WHITE

Tell her we may be needed here sooner than expected.

Mr. White looks back at the bed and the nightgown.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

How was Oakdale?

FATHER

No one got hurt. Mother had to send in the Clowns though.

MR. WHITE

That bad?

FATHER

Not anymore. (beat) Don't waste time. Get out. Once you're well on your way, call in the locals.

Mr. White lifts his cane directing Mrs. Black's gaze toward the window.

MR. WHITE

I'm afraid someone has beaten us to the punch.

BEYOND THE WINDOW three police cars, lights flashing, are in the process of turning from the main road onto the driveway, heading for the house. The sound of their sirens just beginning to creep in.

FATHER

What's going on White?

MR. WHITE

I'll have to get back to you.

Mr. White hangs up the phone and puts it back into his jacket.

MRS. BLACK

My mother always said you'd be trouble.

MR. WHITE

Mine always said you were a tramp.

Mr. White looks directly in Mrs. Black's eyes smiling gently. The sound of the sirens increasing.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Which is precisely why I married you.

They stare into each other's eyes lost for a moment, living in their own world.

CUT TO:

INT. FABULON-HQ-BUS-COMMAND AREA-MOMENTS LATER

Mr. White's call has pulled Father out of what was starting to look like a boring day. He removes his telephone headset and grabs a CB handset.

FATHER

This is Father calling Gater...do you read me. This is Father--

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION-CONTINUOUS

Father's voice can be heard coming from a souped up black road demon of a car, parked in front of the Gas Station.

FATHER (OS)

Gater. Come back. What's your 1020...where the hell are you?

CUT TO:

## INT. GAS STATION-CONTINUOUS

Like most gas stations, this one has a convenience mart replete with juvenile ATTENDANT, who sits "reading" a porn mag behind the register. In the convex mirror over his head, the only customer present, is reflected rooting through the cold case at the back of the store. Even from the back you can tell he's big.

CUT TO:

## COLD CASE

CU of a grey rough gloved hand rooting around looking for the right drink. A chocolate yoo-hoo is pulled out. The door shuts and it moves to the--

## CHIP STAND

Looking for just the right thing to go with the YooHoo. A bag of Fritos. On to the--

## COOKIE DISPLAY

Grabbing a pack of Ring-Dings without thinking twice. Last stop--

## THE COUNTER

Where all three items spill onto the surface. The Attendant puts down the magazine without looking up and rings in the items touching each lightly as he does.

ATTENDANT

That'll be a buck-fifty.

The money hits the counter. The attendant picks it up and puts it into the register. He returns to his seat and picks back up his magazine.

GRAVELY VOICE

What about my bag?

The kid begins to put down his magazine and stand ready to take out the fact he's just worked three night shifts in a row on this pick of a "morning person" who's interrupted his "me time."

ATTENDANT

Look mister, If...

But he never gets that far, because before him stands GATER. All six foot five inches and three hundred pounds of something not quite human.

Dressed in black pants and a baggy gray sweatshirt, the hood pulled over his head, and well worn black trench coat. But the hood isn't pulled down far enough to cover Gater's face.

A face of rough grey skin bumpy and pocked seemingly designed for no other purpose than to keep his teeth from gettin' loosed into the world. His eyes large and yellow stare straight through the kid.

Gater picks up his items and cradles them in one hand. He reaches past the kid over the counter and grabs a bag. He puts everything in it.

The kid is frozen.

ANGLE ON the kids leg as urine creeps down and runs over his shoe, puddling on the floor.

Gater smiles at this.

GATER  
Fear's a terrible thing, ain't it?

Gater leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION-CONTINUOUS

Father is still trying to raise him on the CB as Gater slips behind the wheel and closes the door. The engine screams and the car pitches backwards across the parking lot before coming to a stop. Gears shift, and the car breaks onto the road.

INT. GATER'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Gater grabs for the CB to stop Father's squawking, his lap full of junk food. As he up shifts...

FATHER (OS)  
Dammit Gater. I've had enough. Come back.

GATER  
I'm here...calm down.

FATHER

Where the hell have you been? Get  
back up here. We've got a  
situation.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER FARMHOUSE--MOMENTS LATER

The police cars come to a screeching halt in front of the  
house surrounding the black car already there. As the  
DEPUTIES exit their cars--

Mr. White and Mrs. Black exit the front door. The deputies  
draw their weapons, taking tactical positions behind their  
car doors and hoods. Mr. White and Mrs. Black bring their  
hands up and come to a stop at the edge of the porch.

MR. WHITE

Gentlemen. Your response time is  
impeccable. We were just about to  
call.

ANGLE ON the deputies faces. They haven't the slightest idea  
what is going on.

END ACT I